Encroaching Darkness

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Gale "Buck" Cleven/John Clarence "Bucky" Egan, Gale "Buck" Cleven & John Clarence "Bucky" Egan

Characters:
Gale "Buck" Cleven, John Clarence "Bucky" Egan, Curtis Biddick

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by sunbleachedpages

Summary

He was never going to leave this war.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

John was tired. A tiredness that seemed to seep through his bones and into this soul. He was trapped, tired, hungry… the list went on and all John could think of was that he wasn't getting out.

He was never going to leave this war.

Buck was. He had a girl, a fiancé, waiting for him at the end of all of this. All John had was a bottle of whiskey and a what if.

John knew that it was probably the stalag talking, the captivity was enough to drive a man mad but he also knew he had felt this encroaching darkness before. An all encompassing ache to just leave and to never be seen by a living soul again.

Twisting in his bunk, John felt the rustle of his thin blanket against his clothing. It was too damn cold. What John wanted right in that moment was not the warmth a hug would bring but the sting that whiskey created.

He missed it. The life that would no longer be, because the Major John 'Bucky' Egan before the war was long dead and buried.

John closed his eyes hard, willing for the sting of tears to subside. Be a man. Stop crying like a little bitch. The voice of his long dead father seemed to crawl into his brain and poke and prod at all the little imperfections there. It had been a while since his ghost had haunted him. It was just his luck to have him come back in the darkness of the stalag.

A sharp exhalation later, John started to smooth his rough hand against the panels of wood next to his bunk. Coming upon that little nail. His salvation.

John had taken to poking the edge of the nail's head into the meat of his palm. It gave him the kind of pain that made him feel something. A little like that encounter with Curt all that time ago. Oh God, Curt.

A muffled sob escaped John's mouth as he buried his head into the pillow. Willing for that nail to dig itself into his palm and leave him with enough pain that it would last him for the rest of his miserable life.

It would be so easy to just die. To just walk out of the door and walk to the fence. To feel the sharp sting of bullets riddling his body one by one. John craved it. That sweet release. The darkness would finally

engulf him completely and he could just be.

So that's what he did, John brushed away the trails of salt water on his freezing cheeks and stepped out of his bunk. Looking around he listened to the steady breaths of his men. He would be abandoning them, he knew. But the darkness had won against whatever will he had.

"Bucky?" John nearly jumped, the raspy voice of one Buck Cleven almost snapped him out of his resolve. His Buck.

"Go back to bed, Gale." John couldn't call him Buck now, this was his goodbye and nothing would stop him.

"John." A warning and slightly terrified tone overtook Buck's voice, John had a feeling he knew. He always knew.

"Let me go."

"No." A few moments later John felt his cold body be enveloped by a blanket and a firm, warm body.

"Gale."

"John, no. Come on, it's okay." John felt himself be guided over to Buck's bunk. He was drained, he had no energy to fight against Buck's gentle hold.

"Talk to me, Bucky."

End Notes

so... yeah first time posting on ao3 so be gentle with me. wrote this while cooking so sorry if it's all over the place. feedback is appreciated!

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